

Nosferatu: I KILL TO LIVE!

SCREAM

75¢
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NO. 10
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1974

T.M.



SPECIAL
The Art of
Killing Human
Monsters

Tales out of Hell:
THE EVIL OF
RASPUTIN!



THE NARRATIVE OF
ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET

Edgar Allan Poe's only novel — a masterpiece in horror — is now adapted to the Horror-Mood illustrated-story format as a 25 page titanic tale of terror, by artist Lopez and writer Hewetson — it'll be appearing soon in these pages so miss it not — it's a collector's item for all lovers of the macabre and of the weirdest weird writer who ever lived.

A HORROR-MOOD BLOCKBUSTER



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

NO. 10 OCTOBER 1974

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cMy Flesh Crawls

Our esoteric COVER STORY — a montage of wild thoughts, weird deaths and horrific images in a tale to tease your imagination 

Dracula

WITHIN THE DUNGEONS OF CASTLE DRACULA, the young Count Dracula learns the lessons of torture from his father — lessons which will stand him in good stead when he comes to face CREATURES IN THE NIGHT  page 16

Murders in the Rue Morgue

The classic tale of horror by the most famous macabre author of all time — Mr. Edgar Poe concocts this mystery, often thought of as the WORLD'S FIRST DETECTIVE STORY  page 28

The Art of Killing Human Monsters

A delightful photo-feature all about the most delightful creatures, behemoths and fiends you'd ever want to meet — or KILL  page 41

The Stranger is the Vampire

A tale that answers the most-often-asked-question in TRANSYLVANIA a couple of centuries ago — namely: Who is the vampire? — of course, you're right, it ISN'T the stranger  page 47

Tales out of Hell

RASPUTIN, the Mad Russian Monk, and WALTER THURBER, reincarnate of four previous personalities are the stars of this ill-fated loppe into the horrors of yesteryear  page 57

SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 10 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 7 TIMES A YEAR. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER. REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY EAGLE NEWS.

...THIS STORY IS AN INSIGHT INTO FEAR!

...TRANSLYLVANIA, 1789... IN EVERY CITY, IN EVERY VILLAGE, IN EVERY MOUNTAIN-TOWN, SHUTTERS CLOSE WHEN NIGHT RISES. DOORS ARE LOCKED AS THE MOON REPLACES THE SUN AND THE COLD DARKNESS REPLACES THE HOT WHITENESS OF DAY... FEAR!

MY FLESH CRAWLS

...THE PEOPLE WHO DARE TO WALK THE STREETS HUDDLE IN TIGHT GROUPS, MUTTERING PRAYERS, CHANTING CURSES TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM THE UNKNOWN THINGS THAT LURK IN DARK ALLEYS... FEAR!



...IN CHILDREN'S BEDROOMS GARLIC IS STELING UP UPON THE WINDOWS. CHRISTIAN CROSSES ARE HUNG IN CHAINS AROUND THE SLEEPER'S NECKS AND HUNG ABOVE THE WOODEN BEDS... FEAR!

...FEAR KEEPS THEIR DOORS CLOSED... FEAR KEEPS THEIR MINDS FOREVER WORRYING, FOREVER NERVOUS AND ANTICIPATING THE WORST OF ALL FATES--FEAR!

--THIS TALE IS A STUDY IN FEAR-- IT RAISES MANY QUESTIONS, NOT THE LEAST IMPORTANT OF WHICH IS THE PROVERBAL QUESTION OF WHO IS THE VICTIM--
--THE SCENARIO THIS ESTABLISHED, SO STARTS OUR TALE--



KOLOSK, A TINY MOUNTAIN TOWN NESTLED
WITHIN THE LOOMING, BLACK CREVICES OF THE
MIGHTY CARRIATHIAN ALPS... NIGHT FALLS,
SHUTTERS ARE DRAWN, DOORS ARE LOCKED,
GARLIC AND CROSSES ARE HUNG -- KOLOSK
PREPARES TO GO TO **BED!**



-- THE STREETS ARE ALMOST EMPTY-- ALMOST, FOR THERE ARE 2
BEINGS ABOUT THIS NIGHT--ONE A POTENTIAL VICTIM, A
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BARMAID RUSHING HOME FROM THE TAVERN
WHERE SHE WORKS...



--THE OTHER, A POTENTIAL FIEND,
LURKING IN THE DARK ALLEYS,
SKULKING LIKE A DEMON IN HELL,
SEARCHING FOR A VICTIM --
SEARCHING FOR **BLOOD!**



--AND WHEN THEY MEET, THEY EACH BALK AN INSTANT, NOT
KNOWING IF THE OTHER IS FRIEND, FOE, OR VICTIM..



-- A QUESTION QUICKLY
DECIDED, WHEN THE
HUMAN MONSTER TAKES
THE INITIATIVE AND
LAUCHES HIS BARBARIAN
ATTACK--AN ATTACK
FROM WHICH THERE
IS NO CHANCE OF
SURVIVAL--FOR THE
MIGHTY VAMPIRE
IS ALWAYS THE
MIGHTY VICTOR!



-- IN THE MORNING THE VILLAGERS FIND THE WRETCHED REMAINS OF THE VICTIM --



-- AND GROUP, TO PLAN SOME POSITIVE ACTION, TO PREVENT THE DEATH OF ANOTHER --



-- AND THE MONSTER WHO LIVES WITHIN THAT CASTLE MUST BE THE FIRST TO DIE!



YES -- BUT THERE IS ANOTHER IN OUR MIDST -- A WEREWOLF -- WHO IS THE WEREWOLF WHO THREATENS US?

THAT WE DO NOT YET KNOW -- BUT LET US CROSS ONE, MONSTER, AT A TIME --

-- AND TONIGHT WE KILL THE VAMPIRE!





-- NIGHT AGAIN FALLS UPON
NEARBY KOLOSK--THE MACABRE
CASTLE THAT LOOMS OVER THE
VILLAGE GROWS DARK TOO, AS
CANDLES ARE SNUFFED AND
COUNT WILHEM VOLKISH
PREPARES TO LEAVE ON HIS
HUNT FOR BLOOD--



BUT AT HIS OWN MAIN GATE HE IS MET BY THE
VILLAGE--COME-TO-AHM--THE PEOPLE OF
KOLOSK ARMED WITH KNIVES AND PITCH-
FORKS, THEIR FLAMING TORCHES LEAPING
INTO THE CHILLED AIR--THEY ARE OUT FOR
MY BLOOD--



-- THE TABLES ARE TURNED
NOW, THE FIEND BECOMES
THE VICTIM, (OR FOR NOW,
THE POTENTIAL VICTIM)
AND RUNS AND FLEES
BACK INSIDE HIS HOME,
PURSUED BY MEN WITH
MURDER IN THEIR
HEARTS--



-- HE IS CHASED
BY THE MOB
WITHIN THE DARK,
DANK ALLEYS OF
THE CASTLE--



-- HE IS PURSUDED WITHIN ITS
INNERMOST RECESSSES--



-- AND FINALLY CORNERED
AND TRAPPED LIKE A
WILD ANIMAL!



-- BUT THERE IS ONE OTHER BEAST LOOSE IN KOLOSK-- A WEREWOLF, IF YOU RECALL-- WHO NOW STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS AND CONFRONTS THE FEAR-STRIKED COUNT--



YOU!!



YES--IT IS I--
--THE VILLAGERS ARE AFTER
BLOOD, COUNT VOLUK--
THEY MEAN TO HANG
YOUR HEAD ON A
SPIKE IN THE CENTER
OF TOWN!





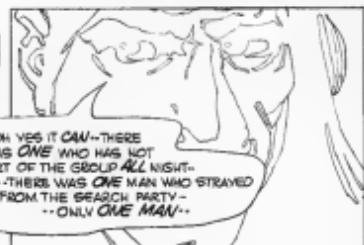
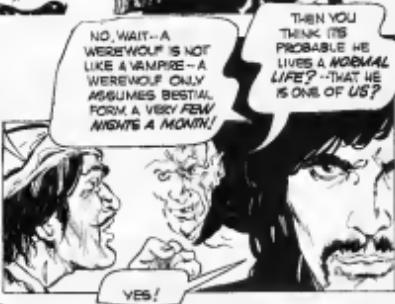
THE VAMPIRE
IS DEAD -- YOU
KILLED HIM
ANTON!!

YES -- I CAUGHT HIM AS
HE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE
THE MAIN GATE
-- HE WAS SO INTENT UPON LOOKING
BEHIND HIM HE RAN STRAIGHT INTO
THE BLADE I HAD TAKEN FROM HIS
COAT OF ARMS /



SO -- THE VAMPIRE IS
DEAD -- AT LONG LAST THE
FIEND WHO HAS KILLED OUR
DAUGHTERS AND OUR
FRIEND'S DAUGHTERS
IS DEAD!!







THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG

Welcome to the 10th (gosh!!) issue of SCREAM! We hope to HELL you enjoy yourself herein, and we hope if you DO enjoy yourself you'll run around and tell everybody else, not for OUR sake, for your FRIEND'S SAKE, they're missing out on something GREAT! Share your love of illustrated horror with a friend — turn him onto SCREAM or PSYCHO or NIGHTMARE.

Correspondence from MIKE A. MORRIS of Oxford, England.

"Last month, for the first time, somebody had the bright idea of sending a batch of your mags to England. If the sales at our local shop are anything to go by, Skyworld have quite a following here now. Why? Certainly there's no lack of English magazinists, either. DC and MARVEL alone, with the occasional WARREN, are amply represented. Therefore, your mags must be something hot!! As far as THIS Reader is concerned, long may you reign. I guess not carrying a C.C.A. symbol must limit your circulation somewhat, but that doesn't worry many people in these parts. One thing surprises me about your artists: Duran and Vila Nova, and most of their colleagues, are so proficient that I was surprised that I hadn't heard of them before. There must be either incredibly loyal or the Waldman brothers must keep them chained down. I enjoy the movie features and stories like "Monster, Monster on the wall" (from which you might gather we get your mags about ten months out of date) best.

Anyway, keep up the good work,

Thank, Peace and the rest."

... Thanks Mike — we're delighted to be making it into England these days. Yes, our artists are loyal, and yes, the Waldmans' keep them chained to their art desks. The Waldmans' aren't brothers, but father and son — Herschel the son, Israel the father, or is it the other way round? —

A note from DAVID WRIGHT of Lewisburg, Tennessee: "Enjoyed your SCREAM! 1974, I REALLY enjoyed it, especially when they included bare breasted women. Keep up the nudes."



now on sale

The very-special HORROR-MOOD special-edition you've all eagerly awaited has arrived — it's on sale right now. Don't just sit there — y'all run out and GET it, unless you've already got it, in which case you may as well stop reading this because it's only a plug. This SPECIAL EDITION (don't be confused by cross imitations) is called NIGHTMARE #22 and should be available right now at the same magazine store you got THIS magazine. If it isn't, it's the fault of the store owner, who maybe isn't aware that YOU will buy this magazine regularly at his store. Tell him, Go ahead — TELL him you will buy those magazines regardless of his price. He won't stock them. Reassure him to punch him in the face and never step foot in his dumpy store again. Also, call him names and insult his lineage. Kick up a fuss — why should you walk five miles just to buy this magazine on the other side of the city? yell at the newsstand man on the corner and DEMAND he carry your favorite HORROR-MOOD title — All of 'em, in fact!

More helpful hints on how to insure your getting every issue of this magazine will appear on future letters pages.

THE ARTISTS OTHER HAND



Where lunatics live



CLASSIC CREEPS



A word about the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT. Check it out now. HORROR-MOOD mazines, on pages 26 and 27 of this issue. You'll note that every time we make up a new ad many of the old issues are sold out. We kid you not — if there are missing issues in your HORROR-MOOD collection you'd better remedy that fact by ordering TODAY — tomorrow will be too late!





the Mummy KHAFRE

THE MUMMY KHAFRE is a brand new horror-mood character, unveiled so to speak in NIGHTMARE #22, that's the TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION you've all been awaiting. The artist is CESAR LOPEZ; the writer is AL HEWETSON, a great team for a great new character. But don't take OUR word for it — check out THE FUNERAL in that macabre issue and judge for yourself! — on sale NOW.



You will note, dear reader, that THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, chapter 5, is not in this SCREAM #10 as perhaps you expected. It is not possible to maintain high quality in a 20 page story by one artist and produce it in less than a month. SUSO is an artist of supreme calibre — and we didn't even ask him to meet the one-a-month summer schedule of SCREAM — we knew YOU'D understand. THE VICTIMS will appear along with the next chapter of NOSFERATU (missing from this issue for much the same reason) in SCREAM #11, on sale 11/28/74 so miss it not!

Thanks also to KEVIN HOGT of Indiana, LANCE STRANAHAN of Florida, EARL SHAW of Georgia, GLENN SAN-BORN of Georgia, JERRY CULLINS of North Carolina (favorite all time Horror-Mood story — THE HUMAN GAR-GOYLES — I can identify with them), BOB DAPP Jr. of Pennsylvania, PAUL SHETTLER of Ohio (AL HEWETSON is best, LEN WEIN was best — I buy your mags because you get more comics for your money and because you sometimes get GOOD stories), JIMMY BOESENBERG of New York State and TIM LYNCH of Connecticut, who wrote or just a few of the hundred-or-more BEHEMOTH BUNCH QUESTIONS pages we've received in the last single WEEK since the first issue. The coupon page hit the newsstands across the country. We'll have a lot more for you in issues in the following months, and someday soon we'll get around to announcing

the winners of the free mags — if you don't have your BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS page in to us — send it in NOW.

ALAN HUDSON writes: "I am of the opinion that your magazines: PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM, in various ways, far exceed the quality your competitors, in the aspect of realism alone. That's all I have to say!"

That's certainly enough — thank you for your kind words

That's all for this ish folks — make sure you don't miss TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION (NIGHTMARE 22), now on sale. If you have something to say — write — if not, enjoy reading.

R.I.P.

ARCHAICAL

DRACULA LIVED A LONG LIFE--MANY LIFETIME'S OF HORRORS--THIS TALE IS A FRAGMENTED MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS--THE MASTER VAMPIRE--LORD OF THE LIVING DEAD... IT BEGINS WHEN DRACULA--VLAD WAS BUT A CHILD IN TRANSYLVANIA IN THE 18TH CENTURY...



A FRAGMENT IN THE LIFE OF DRACULA CREATURES IN THE NIGHT!

WHEN YOU COME OF AGE, SON--OR WHEN I DIE, YOU WILL RULE WALLACHIA--YOU ARE A MONARCH--MOBILE BLOOD RUNS THROUGH YOUR VEINS--AND SO YOUR SCHOLARS MUST BE MUCH MORE THAN SIMPLE LITERATURE, LANGUAGES AND HISTORIES...

...YOU MUST ALSO LEARN POLITICS--YOU MUST ALSO LEARN HOW TO LEAD YOUR PEOPLES, HOW TO CONTROL THEM, HOW TO ADMINISTER JUSTICE...



CARDONA/78

THE HORROR OF THIS CHAMBER IS NOT SO FIERCE AS THE FEAR OF IT--

--I MEAN TO SAY, THAT THE PEOPLE OF WALLACHIA FEAR THIS DUNGEON-- AND THE FEAR ALONE IS ENOUGH OF A DETERRENT, USUALLY, TO PREVENT THE ORDINARY MAN FROM COMMITTING A CRIMINAL OFFENSE!

THEN WHY DO SO MANY PRISONERS FILL THE CELLS, FATHER? DO THEY NOT FEAR THE TORTURE?



COME WITH ME DOWN TO THE DUNGEONS--THERE, I WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FACTS OF LIFE AND DEATH-- I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO JUDGE YOUR PEOPLE-- AND HOW TO PUNISH THEM!

A MYSTIC QUESTION, LAD./YES, THEY FEAR IT--BUT THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY MEN-- THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS, MOST OF THEM, WHO ARE SOMEHOW DIFFERENT FROM THE ORDINARY MAN-- --THESE MEN GAMBLED, THEY WOULD NOT BE CAUGHT, THEY GAMBLED AND LOST!



WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
CARDONA

LET ME SHOW YOU THE VARIOUS DEVICES--
THIS DEVICE IS KNOWN AS THE RACK--IT CAUSES
TERRIBLE PAIN--IT IS USED IF A CONFESSION IS
REQUIRED--NO MAN
EVER WAS PUT TO THE
RACK WHO DID NOT
EVERYTHING
WHETHER THE

CONFESS TO
HIS TORTURER WISHED,
VICTIM WAS GUILTY
OR INNOCENT...

THIS IS THE COFFIN OF NAILS--VARIOUSLY CALLED
THE IRON MISTRESS AND THE HELL-BOX--
THE PRISONER IS PLUT INTO THE BOX--WHEN THE
DOOR IS CLOSED THESE SHARP SPIKES ENTER HIS BODY--
THEY DO NOT CAUSE IMMEDIATE DEATH, RATHER THEY CAUSE
THE VICTIM TO DIE SLOWLY
AND PAINFULLY
OVER MANY
HOURS!



THIS INSTRUMENT SUSPENDS
THE PRISONER OVER OPEN FLAME
--THUS TORTURING HIM BY THE
SCORCHING OF HIS FLESH!

WHAT ABOUT
THE PIT?

THE PIT? WHAT
DO YOU KNOW OF
THE PIT?

I HAVE HEARD IT
MENTIONED IN WHISPERS
BY AGITATED SERVANTS!

HAVE MERCY
ON ME SIRE!

PERHAPS OUTLINE
YOUR CRIME FOR ME
AND I WILL DECIDE
WHETHER TO BE
MERCIFUL OR NOT!

I STOLE FOOD TO
FEED MY FAMILY--THEY
WERE STARVING--I STOLE
SOME FOOD FROM YOUR
STORES, SIRE!

TELL ME--WHY
WERE YOUR FAMILY
STARVING? DID YOU
NOT WORK TO
FEED THEM?

IN WHISPERS, EH? YES--WELL--THAT IS WHY THE
PIT EXISTS--BECAUSE IT IS A THREAT TO ANY MAN
WHO BREAKS MY LAWS--EVERY MAN FEARS THE PIT!
--I WILL DEMONSTRATE FOR YOU!

GUARD--BRING ME A THIEF--I WILL JUDGE
HIM HERE AND NOW, IN THE
PRESENCE OF MY SON,
AS A DEMONSTRATION!





HAVE MERCY ON YOU? YOU ARE NO VICTIM --
YOU ARE SELF-INDULGENT -- YOU ARE A COMMON
THIEF! YOU ARE AN ABLE-BODIED MAN -- I
NEED MEN IN MY ARMY! YOU COULD HAVE
EARNED MONEY AS MY SOLDIER -- I NEED MEN
TO BE GUARDS -- I NEED MEN TO TEND THE
FIELDS -- I NEED MEN FOR A VARIETY OF
HONEST, PAYING TASKS!
THERE IS ALWAYS WORK FOR AN HONEST MAN!
A MAN CANNOT ALWAYS DO WHAT HE WANTS TO
DO, OR BE WHAT HE WANTS TO BE! yet -- IF HE
CHOSES NOT TO WORK AT SOMETHING HE
DOES NOT LIKE, IS IT THE RESPONSIBILITY
OF THOSE WHO DO WORK TO PAY HIM FOOD
AND KEEP? I THINK NOT!



WHAT IS AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THE PIT,
FATHER?

SERPENTS AND LIZARDS
-- ABOMINATIONS I
HAVE HAD BROUGHT FROM
MANY LANDS -- THEY
SERVE ME VERY WELL...

NOW I WILL MAKE ANOTHER
DEMONSTRATION FOR YOU--
GUARD-- BRING ME ANOTHER
PERSONER-- THE POACHER
--BRING ME THE POACHER!



SIRE, I
BESEECH
THY MERCY!

YOU DO, EH? AFTER KILLING MY DEER
IN MY FOREST, YOU BESEECH MY MERCY!
I WILL THROW YOU INTO THE PIT--
AS I DID THE THIEF OF ROOD, WHO
CHOSE NOT TO WORK...
BUT TO STEAL!



I PRAY YOU SIRE--ON MY OATH-- I WILL SERVE
YOU FOREVER-- I WILL NEVER COMMIT A CRIME AGAIN--

TELL ME WHY
YOU COMMITTED
THIS CRIME!

WHY? I AM
NOT SURE
WHY SURE!
THE DEER IN
YOUR FORESTS

RUN SO WILD, THEY WERE
SO EASY TO KILL, AND THEN TO
SELL-- I SAW MY ACT AS A WAY TO
PERSONAL FORTUNE. I GAMBLED
ON BEING CAUGHT, BUT I KNOW
THAT I CANNOT BE SUCCESSFUL
AT THIS NOW. I BESEECH YOU FOR
MERCY, SIRE, I
WILL BE
YOUR
SERVANT.

VERY WELL--YOU ARE FREE TO GO, I AM
MERCIFUL WHEN IT IS
DEMONSTRATED A MAN IS
HONEST ENOUGH TO ADMIT
HIS ACT WAS A CRIME, AND
WILL NOT REPEAT IT. GO
--AND LET ME NEVER SET
EYES UPON YOU AGAIN
FOR SO LONG AS YOU LIVE,
OR YOU WILL GO INTO
THE PIT!

THANK YOU
SIRE--YOU
ARE INDEED
A MERCIFUL
RULER!





-IN THE MAIN ROOMS, THE COUNTESS KISSES HER SON ON THE CHEEK AND BIDS HIM A GOOD NIGHT, THEN RETIRES TO HER CHAMBERS, AS HE RETIRES TO HIS...



-IN THE GREAT LIBRARY, THE MONARCH REVIEWS SOME PAPERS AND DRINKS SOME WINE-- SOON HE TOO WILL RETIRE--



-BELOW THE CASTLE, IN THE STRANGE SUBTERRAEAN DARKNESS OF THE PRISONS, THOUGH NO MOON SHINES IN, THOUGH NO FEATURES ARE ILLUMINATED IN THE CORRUPT BLACKNESS OF THE CELL, A MAN--MILDLY DEFORMED AT BIRTH-- BECOMES REBORN AGAIN-- HIS MIND LOST, IT'S PERSON HIS BODY CHANGES HORRIBLY, HIS VOICE BECOMES A SNARL--



-AND A WEREWOLF STALKS THE CASTLE VLAD!



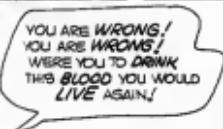
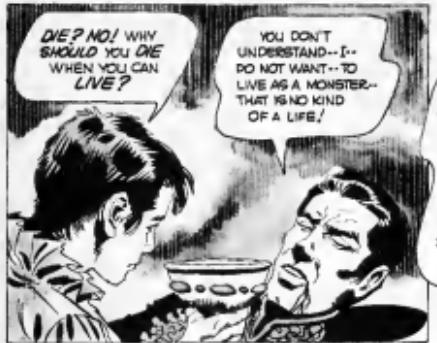
-- IT GROPES -- SEARCHING FOR A VICTIM -- SEARCHING FOR A FEAST --

-- BUT NOT FOR A MALE VICTIM -- WHERE IS THE THRILL -- THE SATISFACTION -- IN FEASTING UPON DRIED OLD FLESH? --

-- ESPECIALLY WHEN THE AIR IS SCENTED WITH THE FRAGRANCES OF A BEAUTIFUL AND YOUNG WOMAN! --







HE WAS RIGHT.. I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND I DO NOT SEE HOW
DEATH IS BETTER THAN LIFE OF ANY
KIND!

I--AM ALONE NOW--IN THIS WORLD--
MY FATHER WAS WISE IN MANY WAYS
--BUT HE WAS A FOOL IN OTHER WAYS
--A FOOL--HE COULD HAVE LIVED!

I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE-- NO
ONE TO FEAR KILLING IF I
TURN INTO A MINDLESS ANIMAL!
I AM ALONE, AND HAVE NOTHING
TO LIVE FOR-- AND NOTHING
TO LOSE! YOU ARE WRONG
FATHER-- YOU ARE
WRONG!

-DRACULA'S FATHER WOULD SAY
THIS WAS THE END-- THAT HIS
SON DIED WITH HIM AND HIS WIFE
ON THIS UNHOLY NIGHT-

BUT AS THE POPULATE OF
WALLACHIA AND HALF
THE WORLD KNOWS,
ONLY TOO WELL-- THIS IS
NOT THE END--
IT IS THE GRUEBOME
BEGINNING OF THE MONSTER





THIS IS THE FACE OF LIVING-DEATH!

Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!



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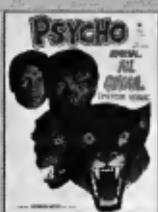
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...LIVING IN PARIS DURING THE SPRING AND PART OF THE SUMMER OF 1848, I THERE BECAME FRIENDS WITH A MONSIEUR C. AUGUSTE DUPIN... A YOUNG MAN OF EXTRAORDINARY INTELLECT... AN ANALYTICAL GENIUS... THE ONLY MIND IN ALL FRANCE WHO COULD SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF:

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

...THO HIS MIND WAS THE RICHEST I HAVE EVER KNOWN, HIS POCKET WAS POOR, AND SO HE CAME TO LIVE WITH ME IN MY OWN GLOOMY HOUSE--A TIME EATEN AND GROTESQUE MANSION...



...IT WAS A FREAK OF FANCY IN MY FRIEND TO LOVE THE NIGHT... AND OFTEN WE WOULD STROLL ABOUT DURING THE VERY EARLY MORNING HOURS... I WOULD LISTEN TO HIM AS HE THOUGHT OUT LOUD OF VARIOUS MATTERS, AND I CAME TO BELIEVE MY FRIEND'S BRAIN WAS OF DISEASED INTELLIGENCE...



...ON ONE SUCH NIGHT WE PASSED BY THE RUE MORGUE, AND OVERHEARD LOUD SCREAMINGS FOR A FEW MOMENTS... THE POLICE WERE RUNNING ABOUT AND THERE WAS MUCH ACTIVITY... IT SEEMED THERE HAD BEEN SEVERAL TERRIBLE MURDERS AND THE POLICE WERE LOST TO EXPLAIN THEM...



ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

WHAT EXACTLY HAD HAPPENED WAS UNKNOWN... THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE MORGUE WAS THE MOST BIZARRE EVENT IN A HUNDRED YEARS.



..THE NEWSPAPER THE FOLLOWING DAY
SPECULATED WILDLY...

"EXTRA-ORDINARY
MURDERS - THIS
MORNING AT 3
O'CLOCK, A SERIES
OF TERRIFIC
SHRIEKS CAME
FROM THE RUE
MORGUE
APARTMENTS
OF MADAME
L'ESPAGNOLE AND
HER DAUGHTER
MAISONNEUVE
CAMILLE
L'ESPAGNOLE..."

"AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES NEIGHBORS
FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING THROUGH
THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT WITH A
CROWBAR..."

"...THE SCENE THEY WITNESSED WAS hideously
ugly... THE APARTMENT WAS IN RUIN... BLOOD
WAS ALL ABOUT AND ON A CHAIR LAY A RAZOR,
SMEARED WITH BLOOD..."

"ON THE FLOOR WERE FOUND VALUABLE
POSSESSIONS -- TOPAZ EAG-RINGS, THREE
SILVER SPOONS, AND TWO BASS
CONTAINING NEARLY 4,000 FRANCS OF
GOLD."

"...A SEARCH WAS MADE AND (HORRIBLE TO RELATE) THE CORPSE OF THE DAUGHTER, HEAD DOWNWARD, WAS FOUND STUFFED UP THE FIREPLACE CHIMNEY... IT WAS STILL WARM... AND NEWLY DEAD..."



"...IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, IN A SMALL YARD, LAY THE CORPSE OF THE OLD LADY, WITH HER THROAT CUT SO ENTIRELY THAT..."



"...UPON AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE HER, THE HEAD FELL OFF..."



"...THE BODY, AS WELL AS THE HEAD, WAS FEARFULLY MUTILATED - THE HEAD SO MUCH SO AS HARDLY TO LOOK HUMAN..."



"TO THIS HORRIBLE MYSTERY THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST CLUE..."

...THE POLICE CONDUCTED INTERVIEWS WITH THE TENANTS OF THE BUILDING...



NICODORE MURET,
GENDARME (POLICEMAN)

HENRY DUVAL,
SILVERSMITH

WILLIAM BIRD,
TAILOR.

ALFONSO GARCIA,
UNDERTAKER.

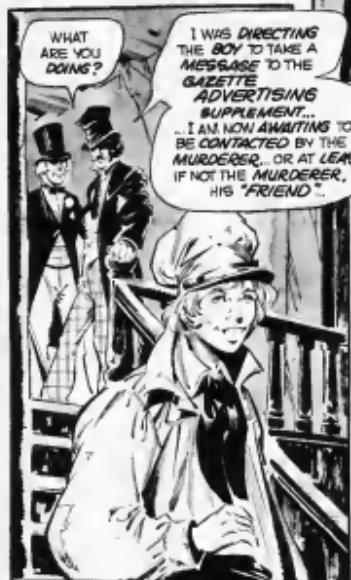


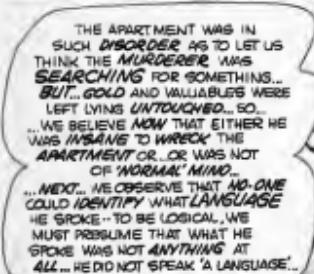
ALBERTO MONTANI,
CONFECTIIONER

PAUL DURMAN,
INVESTIGATING
PHYSICIAN













"...I KEPT IT IN MY
APARTMENT WHILE I WAS
LOOKING FOR A BUYER..."



"...I CAME HOME ONE NIGHT TO
FIND THE BEAST IN MY BEDROOM...
IT WAS STANDING BEFORE A
MIRROR SHAVING WITH A
STRAIGHT RAZOR... THIS IS NOT
SO INCREDIBLE YOU KNOW...
HE HAD SEEN ME DO IT AND WAS
TRYING TO COPY ME... I TOOK A
WHIP TO STOP HIM..."



"...THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY A MISTAKE FOR AT THE WHIP HE FLED THE HOUSE INTO THE NIGHT... I CHASED AFTER HIM FOR SEVERAL STREETS..."



"...WE ENTERED THE RUE MORBIUS... AND SINGE A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW OF MADAME L'ESPANAYE AND HER DAUGHTER, BOUND UP THE WALL, SWINGING INTO THE WINDOW FROM THE FLAGPOLE... I THEN HEARD VIOLENT, AWFUL SCREAMS FROM WITHIN..."



"...I MANAGED TO CLIMB UP THE FLAGPOLE, AND THO I COULD NOT GET IN THE WINDOW I COULD JUST SEE INSIDE... I ALMOST LOST MY HOLD THROUGH AN EXCESS OF HORROR AT WHAT I SAW..."



"...THE WOMEN WERE HIDEOUSLY SCREAMING..."

"...THE ANIMAL HAD SEIZED MADAME L'ESPANAYE BY HER HAIR, AND WAS FLOURISHING THE RAZOR ABOUT HER FACE... IMITATING THE MOTIONS OF A BARBER..."



"...THE SIGHT OF BLOOD INFAMED ITS ANGER
INTO FRENZY...
GNASHING ITS TEETH, AND FLASHING
FIRE FROM ITS EYES, IT FLEW UPON
THE BODY OF THE GIRL, AND...
AND IMBEDDED ITS FEARFUL TALONS INTO HER
THROAT...
...NOT LETTING GO TILL SHE DIED..."



"...IT THEN DRAGGED THE BODY OF THE DAUGHTER
ABOUT THE ROOM... DEMOLISHING FURNITURE..."



"...IN CONCLUSION, IT SEIZED THE CORPSE OF THE
GIRL AND THRUST IT UP THE CHIMNEY..."



"...THEN CARRIED THE OLD WOMAN ON ITS BACK
OUT THE WINDOW AS IT LEAPED TO THE GROUND
THE FULL FOUR STORIES... WHEN IT SAW ME--IT
DROPPED THE BODY... AND FLED INTO THE NIGHT..."



"...AND I
HAVE NOT SEEN
IT SINCE..."



SO THE 'LANGUAGE'
HEARD BY THE NEIGHBORS
WAS A MIMICRY OF THE
APE'S GRUNTING AND
THIS GENTLEMAN'S
SHRIEKS OF HORROR.

DO YOU NOT
HAVE THE APE
THEN?

NO... I'M SURE IF WE
ADVERTISE WE WILL
LOCATE IT SOON ENOUGH.
IT CANNOT RUN AROUND
PARIS LOOSE
WITHOUT ATTRACTING
ATTENTION...

"... MY FRIEND AUGUSTE DUPIN IS
TRULY A REMARKABLE MAN, AS
I'VE SAID. HE SOLVED THIS MOST
STARTLING MURDER BY PURE
LOGIC ...

... THE POLICE WERE VERY
GRATEFUL AT SO EASILY
SOLVING THE MYSTERY..."

"... THE ORANG-OUTANG WAS CAUGHT BY
THE SAILOR HIMSELF WHO THEN
SOLD IT TO THE ZOO FOR A VERY
LARGE SUM OF MONEY..."



AND I? WELL I
HAVE HAD THE EXPERIENCE
OF MY LIFE... MY FRIEND
AUGUSTE DUPIN IS MOST
REMARKABLE...
A GENIUS... A TRUE GENIUS...
HE CLAIMS TODAY THAT THE
SOLUTION WAS OBVIOUS!
OBVIOUS??... ONLY
OBVIOUS TO A
MASTERMIND...



AMERICAN CIRCLE CORP., DEPT. 52-Q 2635 PETTIT AVE., BELLMORE, N.Y. 11710

BLACK CAT SURVIVAL KNIFE Knife has an 8 1/2" blade. 504 survival knife. Open blade. Survival knife can cut, saw, file, saw, and break. Includes neck lanyard. For outdoor sharp cutting and makes day night to save emergency.
□ No. 446 \$1.25



STINK LOADS. Push the load out of sight into a cigarette. After the first puff, it will be a pellet and smell worse. Guaranteed to stop cigarette smokers!
□ No. 814 2 Pcs. \$1.00

TRICK DECK is the champion of all deck! Cards are marked with ink that does not wash off, severely protected to retain any card and instantly looks like regular deck. You can always be sure of your cards. Full set of instructions plus book of card games for over 25 hours of fun.
□ No. 107 \$1.95



101 MAGIC TRICKS Anyone can do them! No skill or knowledge of hand required! Do amazing tricks with coins, paper, balloons, etc. Great for children. One look gives you worth the price of the entire book.
□ No. 170 \$1.50



HOT SEAT Entertainment need. It's like a submarine submarine chair. Just sit down in your favorite chair, relax and kick back. You'll feel like you're in a submarine. You'll be able to swim in the ocean when it's time to come sailing.
□ No. 102 \$1.00



MIND CURE **Fun with 25 Lessons in Hypnotism** Do you realize the power that hypnotism will give you? With simple techniques you can have a knowledge of a person's mind, make people obey your commands, develop a strong personality, and overcome bad habits. 25 lessons covers the most much more. New and improved new patented MIND CURE.
□ No. 126 \$1.00



THE MONEY MAKER This is sensational!! Insert a blank piece of paper into the money gun and pull the trigger. It will fire from the opposite side. **GUT COMES A REAL DOLLAR BILL** Insert a blank piece of paper to a \$1.00 bill. Then a \$1.00 changes to a \$10.00 bill. No skill required. Pocket size made of plastic! Will create fun and mystery!
□ No. 125 \$1.00

COMBAT GRENADE Here's an exact copy of a heavy duty military grenade that goes boom! Includes a real wooden propeller and a hand held timer. Comes with 2 other copy type bombs and a generous supply of ammo. Can be used as a bomb or a hand grenade.
□ No. 799 \$1.00
□ Combat Grenade \$1.00
□ Extra Loud Ammo .25¢



SECRET SAFE Looks like an extremely heavy book in simulated leather. Enclosed are instructions on how to open it. You can now keep your valuable papers money. **It's a 6 x 6 x 3 inches.**
□ No. 413 \$1.00



COMPLETE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR KIT First time offered. Professional quality. Includes badge and case. Includes professionally styled silver badge or identification key chain for use by private investigator. Includes P.D.P. authorizer tape carrying case and 10 card ID kit. All for only \$1.95.
□ No. 349 \$2.95



BALINE WOODSMAN KNIFE This is a professional woodsmen's knife. It's made of one piece of steel. Has the best ever edge. Blasts through 1/2" plywood like a dream. It's a true combination of hunting/dresser. Practical and dependable. Recently crafted of fine green wood. The handle is made of wood. The hilt of the handle to fit either a sawyer building. Overall length about 14".
□ No. 815 \$1.00

BLOW GUN This professional model is one piece of steel. Has the best ever edge. Blasts through 1/2" plywood like a dream. It's a true combination of hunting/dresser. Practical and dependable. Recently crafted of fine green wood. The handle is made of wood. The hilt of the handle to fit either a sawyer building. Overall length about 14".
□ No. 130 \$1.00



TEARING POWDER The more they scratch the more it tears. Put it down their necks in their clothes on the bed or in their pants. When you scratch, you need to start the boy rolling. They'll scratch themselves right out of their skin. Start your self to scratch today!
□ No. 118 \$1.00

2 lbs each \$1.00



MAGIC BRAIN CALCULATOR An electronic calculator that can calculate up to 9,999,999. No knowledge needed to solve math problems. Gives homework answers. Can add, subtract, multiply, and divide. 14" x 5" x 4". Price anywhere.
□ No. 137 \$1.00

1 lb each \$1.00



ATOMIC TOY BUSTER Wind it up and wear it like a toy. Shake it around once while you hold it in your hand. It will shoot a beam of energy at a place and they will HIT the ceiling when they sit on it.
□ No. 114 \$1.00



SHOOTDOWN TARGETS One in enormous sizes. The above will actually cover a whole room. Watch the fun and excitement as your friends shoot almost invisible targets on the learning end of a stage area. Which ones can hit?
□ No. 106 \$1.00

25¢ pds \$1.00



Look as you're ready! Blast! Put a few drops on your skin in the corner of your mouth and watch the faces of your friends. **Horror** appears as your opponents suffocate or injury. Look like real blood but it's a diversion.
□ No. 706 Large Tube \$1.00

POTATO GUN Have a new potato gun. When shot twice potato pellets go for no .50 cent with more than 200 shots. Above has a double barrel. After each shot there is a pause, and you never run out of ammo.
□ No. 752 \$1.00



MAGIC SOAP POWDER Saponite soap powder. It's a very invisible soap powder on any soap. When anyone uses it, it will melt their hands and face will turn white. It's a great soap. Comes in many flavors.
□ No. 123 \$1.00

4 pks \$1.00

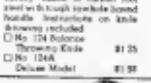


STON PISTOL Three real blanks. When you pull the trigger you can usually detect report of an 18th century dual pistol. About the size of hand. It's a great gag gift. It loads dummy cock and keeps when trigger is pulled. From the front it looks like a pistol. Makes a great conversation piece that you will be proud to own.
□ No. 125 \$1.45

□ No. 135A Extra Arms 75¢



BALLANCE THROWING KNIFE Beautiful heavy duty 15" knife. Professionally balanced to travel through the air like a missile. Throw it with one hand and it will hit the target when it's thrown.
□ No. 114 \$1.00



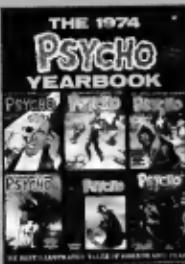
IT'S AN INSTRUMENT IN ONE Every holiday comes with gifts. But what would you like to give all the children in the little body shop when told? wonder! 1—Swing 2—Swing 3—Swing 4—Swing 5—Swing 6—Swing 7—Swing 8—Swing 9—Swing 10—Swing 11—Swing 12—Swing 13—Swing 14—Swing 15—Swing 16—Swing 17—Swing 18—Swing 19—Swing 20—Swing 21—Swing 22—Swing 23—Swing 24—Swing 25—Swing 26—Swing 27—Swing 28—Swing 29—Swing 30—Swing 31—Swing 32—Swing 33—Swing 34—Swing 35—Swing 36—Swing 37—Swing 38—Swing 39—Swing 40—Swing 41—Swing 42—Swing 43—Swing 44—Swing 45—Swing 46—Swing 47—Swing 48—Swing 49—Swing 50—Swing 51—Swing 52—Swing 53—Swing 54—Swing 55—Swing 56—Swing 57—Swing 58—Swing 59—Swing 60—Swing 61—Swing 62—Swing 63—Swing 64—Swing 65—Swing 66—Swing 67—Swing 68—Swing 69—Swing 70—Swing 71—Swing 72—Swing 73—Swing 74—Swing 75—Swing 76—Swing 77—Swing 78—Swing 79—Swing 80—Swing 81—Swing 82—Swing 83—Swing 84—Swing 85—Swing 86—Swing 87—Swing 88—Swing 89—Swing 90—Swing 91—Swing 92—Swing 93—Swing 94—Swing 95—Swing 96—Swing 97—Swing 98—Swing 99—Swing 100—Swing 101—Swing 102—Swing 103—Swing 104—Swing 105—Swing 106—Swing 107—Swing 108—Swing 109—Swing 110—Swing 111—Swing 112—Swing 113—Swing 114—Swing 115—Swing 116—Swing 117—Swing 118—Swing 119—Swing 120—Swing 121—Swing 122—Swing 123—Swing 124—Swing 125—Swing 126—Swing 127—Swing 128—Swing 129—Swing 130—Swing 131—Swing 132—Swing 133—Swing 134—Swing 135—Swing 136—Swing 137—Swing 138—Swing 139—Swing 140—Swing 141—Swing 142—Swing 143—Swing 144—Swing 145—Swing 146—Swing 147—Swing 148—Swing 149—Swing 150—Swing 151—Swing 152—Swing 153—Swing 154—Swing 155—Swing 156—Swing 157—Swing 158—Swing 159—Swing 160—Swing 161—Swing 162—Swing 163—Swing 164—Swing 165—Swing 166—Swing 167—Swing 168—Swing 169—Swing 170—Swing 171—Swing 172—Swing 173—Swing 174—Swing 175—Swing 176—Swing 177—Swing 178—Swing 179—Swing 180—Swing 181—Swing 182—Swing 183—Swing 184—Swing 185—Swing 186—Swing 187—Swing 188—Swing 189—Swing 190—Swing 191—Swing 192—Swing 193—Swing 194—Swing 195—Swing 196—Swing 197—Swing 198—Swing 199—Swing 200—Swing 201—Swing 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602—Swing 603—Swing 604—Swing 605—Swing 606—Swing 607—Swing 608—Swing 609—Swing 610—Swing 611—Swing 612—Swing 613—Swing 614—Swing 615—Swing 616—Swing 617—Swing 618—Swing 619—Swing 620—Swing 621—Swing 622—Swing 623—Swing 624—Swing 625—Swing 626—Swing 627—Swing 628—Swing 629—Swing 630—Swing 631—Swing 632—Swing 633—Swing 634—Swing 635—Swing 636—Swing 637—Swing 638—Swing 639—Swing 640—Swing 641—Swing 642—Swing 643—Swing 644—Swing 645—Swing 646—Swing 647—Swing 648—Swing 649—Swing 650—Swing 651—Swing 652—Swing 653—Swing 654—Swing 655—Swing 656—Swing 657—Swing 658—Swing 659—Swing 660—Swing 661—Swing 662—Swing 663—Swing 664—Swing 665—Swing 666—Swing 667—Swing 668—Swing 669—Swing 670—Swing 671—Swing 672—Swing 673—Swing 674—Swing 675—Swing 676—Swing 677—Swing 678—Swing 679—Swing 680—Swing 681—Swing 682—Swing 683—Swing 684—Swing 685—Swing 686—Swing 687—Swing 688—Swing 689—Swing 690—Swing 691—Swing 692—Swing 693—Swing 694—Swing 695—Swing 696—Swing 697—Swing 698—Swing 699—Swing 700—Swing 701—Swing 702—Swing 703—Swing 704—Swing 705—Swing 706—Swing 707—Swing 708—Swing 709—Swing 710—Swing 711—Swing 712—Swing 713—Swing 714—Swing 715—Swing 716—Swing 717—Swing 718—Swing 719—Swing 720—Swing 721—Swing 722—Swing 723—Swing 724—Swing 725—Swing 726—Swing 727—Swing 728—Swing 729—Swing 730—Swing 731—Swing 732—Swing 733—Swing 734—Swing 735—Swing 736—Swing 737—Swing 738—Swing 739—Swing 740—Swing 741—Swing 742—Swing 743—Swing 744—Swing 745—Swing 746—Swing 747—Swing 748—Swing 749—Swing 750—Swing 751—Swing 752—Swing 753—Swing 754—Swing 755—Swing 756—Swing 757—Swing 758—Swing 759—Swing 760—Swing 761—Swing 762—Swing 763—Swing 764—Swing 765—Swing 766—Swing 767—Swing 768—Swing 769—Swing 770—Swing 771—Swing 772—Swing 773—Swing 774—Swing 775—Swing 776—Swing 777—Swing 778—Swing 779—Swing 780—Swing 781—Swing 782—Swing 783—Swing 784—Swing 785—Swing 786—Swing 787—Swing 788—Swing 789—Swing 790—Swing 791—Swing 792—Swing 793—Swing 794—Swing 795—Swing 796—Swing 797—Swing 798—Swing 799—Swing 800—Swing 801—Swing 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902—Swing 903—Swing 904—Swing 905—Swing 906—Swing 907—Swing 908—Swing 909—Swing 910—Swing 911—Swing 912—Swing 913—Swing 914—Swing 915—Swing 916—Swing 917—Swing 918—Swing 919—Swing 920—Swing 921—Swing 922—Swing 923—Swing 924—Swing 925—Swing 926—Swing 927—Swing 928—Swing 929—Swing 930—Swing 931—Swing 932—Swing 933—Swing 934—Swing 935—Swing 936—Swing 937—Swing 938—Swing 939—Swing 940—Swing 941—Swing 942—Swing 943—Swing 944—Swing 945—Swing 946—Swing 947—Swing 948—Swing 949—Swing 950—Swing 951—Swing 952—Swing 953—Swing 954—Swing 955—Swing 956—Swing 957—Swing 958—Swing 959—Swing 960—Swing 961—Swing 962—Swing 963—Swing 964—Swing 965—Swing 966—Swing 967—Swing 968—Swing 969—Swing 970—Swing 971—Swing 972—Swing 973—Swing 974—Swing 975—Swing 976—Swing 977—Swing 978—Swing 979—Swing 980—Swing 981—Swing 982—Swing 983—Swing 984—Swing 985—Swing 986—Swing 987—Swing 988—Swing 989—Swing 990—Swing 991—Swing 992—Swing 993—Swing 994—Swing 995—Swing 996—Swing 997—Swing 998—Swing 999—Swing 1000—Swing 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the Art of killing Human Monsters, photo-illustrated

There are so many lessons teaching self-defence in books, magazines, on television, and through many live courses available, it's becoming practically impossible these days for a person like SOME kind of course-organizer to protect himself from all the OTHER nuts taking these violence-courses. One of our competitor's magazines is giving you a Karate-type course, printing photographs showing how you can kick people in the stomach, face and other places, with a minimum of effort. We don't believe magazines of that sort should be on display for young children, which they are, and we certainly would never publish anything of that sort whether it was big fad or not. What we do publish however, is this light-hearted little spoof-feature on the gentle art of protecting yourself against obvious undesirables vampires, werewolves, ghouls and other monsters. Which, you must admit, is a good reason for calling this feature: THE ART OF KILLING HUMAN MONSTERS, Illustrated.



ABOVE, you will observe one of the most popular methods of killing MAD DOCTORS, CANNIBALS and FIENDS-IN-GENERAL — REMOVE THE MONSTER'S HEAD! There are a variety of things you can do with the head after it's removed such as drinking it, but that's not covered in this feature. TO THE LEFT, you will observe the best and easiest way of killing a WITCH. BURN THE MONSTER ALIVE! This has been very successful for several centuries.



ABOVE, you will note one of many ways of killing a WEREWOLF — BEAT THE MONSTER TO DEATH WITH A SILVER STICK! The drawback to this method is that the werewolf is liable to beat YOU to death with his bare fist first.



A rare and very difficult way to kill a LUNATIC APE is pictured above — HYPNOTIZE THE MONSTER, THEN ORDER HIM TO KILL HIMSELF! There are several obvious drawbacks to this method, not the least of which is that lunatic apes usually aren't very susceptible to hypnosis. You could try it anyway; Drop us a note and let us know how it works out!



The best way to rid yourself and your loved ones from annoying LIVING MUMMIES is pictured above — SET THE MONSTER ON FIRE! This method has proved eminently successful for several thousand years. The question of battling living mummies would never have ARisen if someone hadn't PREMATURELY BURIED them in the first place, which is ANOTHER way to kill a monster!

You will note BELOW one of the SLOWEST ways of killing a monster — FREEZE THIS MONSTER TO DEATH! This is not the best way — eventually he de-thaws and you have to start all over again.



ABOVE you will observe one of the surest, foolproof ways of killing a human monster — SNEAK UP BEHIND THE MONSTER AND DRIVE A SWORD INTO ITS BACK! This is guaranteed to work, depending on the particular monster — for example, it won't work on evil gargoyles, who are made out of stone. You will just break your sword.



ABOVE you will see pictured one of the most cruel and simply-unnecessary ways to kill a monster — THROW ACID INTO THE MONSTER'S FACE! This is not guaranteed to kill the monster at all — in the case of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA it actually created the monster in the first place. Merely maiming the monster is cruel and pointless — adopt a method of murder you know will work.

We sincerely hope you will never have to use any of these methods, because we hope you will always have the problem of having to kill human monsters. From time to time, however, it happens that a monster needs killing, and so we hope you'll save this feature for reference purposes.

A WORD OF WARNING:
Do NOT practice or rehearse any of these artificial methods on parents, friends or teachers. There are much BETTER ways of dealing with THOSE fiends, which we will cover in ANOTHER feature some time.

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...TILL NIGHT FALLS...



...THEN THE FRIEND COMES
OUT OF HIS CRYPT--THE
MONSTER--THE
VAMPIRE...



SEARCHING FOR A
VICTIM TO SATISFY
HIS UNHOLY LUSTS...

...WHO THE MONSTER IS THE
TOWNSFOLK DO NOT KNOW--FOR
ANYONE COMING FACE TO FACE
WITH HIM UNDER THE MOONLIGHT
DOES NOT LIVE TO TELL WHO THE
MONSTER IS...

...SO HE GOES UNDETECTED--NIGHT
AFTER NIGHT AFTER GHASTLY NIGHT...



RAFAEL I ASSURE YOU THE POLICE DO WHAT THEY CAN-- BUT IT IS A SMALL TOWN AND ONLY 2 MEN CONSTITUTE OUR POLICE FORCE... THAT IS WHY I CALLED THIS MEETING TONIGHT-- BECAUSE WE MUST FORM A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE AND SOLVE THESE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS OURSELVES!



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL PUEBLO

THE Stranger is the Vampire





CORNETTA, SPAIN - 1814 - A SMALL AND PLEASANT VILLAGE - BUT IN ONE RESPECT IT IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER...

...HE NEVER COMES OUT OF HIS ROOM...



ONLY IN THIS TOWN DO RESIDENTS KNOW FEAR
ONLY IN THIS TOWN DO THEY WATCH THE EVERY MOVE OF A CERTAIN NOBLE VISITOR WHO IS IN CORNETTA, FOR NO KNOWN REASON...



--SURELY HE WOULD KNOW--



--THIS, EVERY MOVE HAS TWO MEANINGS--



--NOW, OF COURSE, THE QUESTION ARISES IF THE STRANGER REALLY IS A VAMPIRE -- HE IS A MAN OF GREAT POWER AND INTELLIGENCE, AND SURELY HE WOULD KNOW IF HE WAS BEING WATCHED--











I GOT HIM--
I GOT HIM--
HELP ME--
HE'S TOO
STRONG!

IT'S THE OLD MAN WHO DIED
A FEW MONTHS AGO -- OLD
JOSE FERNANDO--
-- IT WAS HIM ALL ALONG -- AND
THE STRANGER WAS
INNOCENT--

LORD ABOVE
-- YOU SEE WHO
IT IS?

-- I'M GLAD
WE'RE NOT HERE--
I WOULDN'T
WANT TO HAVE
TO LOOK HIM IN
THE FACE! WE
ALMOST KILLED
AN INNOCENT MAN!

WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS THE
STRANGER?



WE BEGIN
CHAPTER TWO...

...I AM
A FIEND...
I AM A LACKEY
TO AN
UNDEAD
MONSTER...

WHO ARE YOU? WHEN
DO YOU LIVE? WHERE
DO YOU LIVE?...

...I AM... A
SLAVE TO A
MONSTER...

...IT'S NO GOOD... HE KEEPS REPEATING HIMSELF
OVER AND OVER AGAIN... THERE'S SOMETHING
IN HIS MIND STOPPING HIM FROM TELLING
HIS STORY...

...WILL MY
SON BE
ALRIGHT,
DOCTOR?...
HE Babbles
out TALES OF
PREVIOUS
LIVES THAT
ARE WRETCHED
AND
HORRIBLE...

...HE IS A REINCARNATE MR. THURBER...
HE WILL SPEAK OF HIS PREVIOUS LIVES...
AND RE-LIVE THEM IN HIS MIND...

...THERE LIES THE ONLY DANGER TO
YOUR SON... IF PERHAPS HE CAN'T
CLIMB BACK INTO HIS PRESENT
EXISTENCE... THEN...
HIS MIND WILL
BE LOST...

...I AM... A SLAVE TO A MONSTER...
THE GREATEST OF ALL FIENDS...
THE MOST EVIL MAN WHO
EVER LIVED... FOR HE
IS AN UNDEAD...

...AND HIS NAME?...
WHAT IS HIS NAME?...

NAME?... HIS NAME -IS- IS
RASPUTIN... THE MAD
MONK... AND I... AM HIS
SLAVE... HIS SON... I AM
THE SON OF RASPUTIN...

...SO BEGGIN THE 2ND TALE... IN THE
HORROR SERIES :

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY FURAN

...TALES OUT OF HELL...

...IN HIS MASTER'S
BLOOD...







I GROW UP HATING MY FATHER -- DESPIsing MY FATHER -- WHEN I WAS 22 I WAS AS SUBORDINATE TO HIM AS I WAS AT HALF MY AGE -- AND I REBELLION TO KILL HIM --



I MEANT TO KILL THAT MONSTER... I MEANT TO KILL THAT BLOOD FRIEND THAT WAS MY FATHER...

NURSE... HELP MR. THURBER.

OH GOD... USHH...





ARE YOU ALRIGHT
MR. THURBER?
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

YES--YES
NURSE--I CAN'T
HELP THINKING
OF ME BEING
THE BOY'S FATHER...
...I CAN'T...
ISOLATE THIS
LIFE FROM
HIS OTHER
LIFE...



MAY I GIVE YOU THIS
SEDATIVE MR. THURBER?
IT WILL CALM YOUR
NERVES...



YES... IT IS WRETCHED...
BUT... DO NOT DESPAIR FOR
YOUR SON IN THE PRESENT...
THESE TALES WE TELL US TOOK
PLACE IN THE PAST...

...IN HIS OWN MIZERABLE
PAST. BUT... THEY ARE ALL
DONE WITH NOW
MR. THURBER... IN
1976 YOUR SON
IS WALTER THURBER,
NOT MYSHAKIN
RASPUTIN, HE IS
ONLY THE SON OF
THE MAD MONK
IN HIS MIND...



NO... NO THANK
YOU... I FEEL A BIT ILL...
I FIND THIS ALL HARD
TO ACCEPT... WHAT MY
SON SPEAKS OF NOW
IS SO WRETCHED!

I'LL KILL YOU
--MONSTER...



I WANT
TO KILL YOU
FATHER...
MONSTER...

DON'T TOUCH
HIM MR.
THURBER...



YOU ARE ASLEEP
MONSTER? WAKE-UP.
I WANT TO SEE THE
FEAR IN YOUR EYES
AS I KILL YOU...



I RAN AT HIM, WAVING THE AXE,
MEANING TO BURY IT IN HIS
BRAIN...



...BUT HE DODGED AWAY FROM THE BED JUST BEFORE THE
AXE STRUCK--AND THE BLADE SUNK INTO THE MATTRESS,
NOT HIS HEAD WHERE IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGED...



...IDIOT MYSKIN...
WHAT A BRAINLESS YOUNG
FOOL YOU ARE...YOU HAVEN'T
THE BRAINS TO KNOW HOW
TO KILL A MAN...



...AND HE LAUGHED AT ME AND
MOCKED ME AS I WHIMPERED
ON THE FLOOR LIKE A 10 YEAR
OLD...GOD HOW I LOATHED
HIM...HOW I DESPISED HIM...

"...IN RUSSIA DURING THIS TIME, WHICH WAS IN 1916, REVOLUTION AND ANARCHY WERE IN THE AIR, AND CONSPIRACIES WERE BEING MADE ON EVERY STREET CORNER IN MOSCOW... I FELL IN WITH AN ARISTOCRAT WHO DESIRED TO SEE MY FATHER DEAD--AND I AIDED HIM...THIS PRINCE FELIX YUSUPOV, TO PLAN MY FATHER'S END..."

"...I BROUGHT MY FATHER TO PRINCE YUSUPOV'S APARTMENTS ONE NIGHT, WHERE RASPUTIN WAS GIVEN CAKE AND WINE EACH MADE LETHAL BY POISONOUS CYANIDE... BUT HE SEEMED TO COME ALIVE AT THE TASTE AND BECOME MORE DRUNK THAN DRUSED..."



"...THERE SEEMED NO WAY TO KILL HIM, SO WE BOUND HIS WRISTS AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE RIVER NEVA, WHERE A HOLE WAS CUT IN THE WINTER'S ICE... BUT BEFORE WE COULD DISPOSE OF THE BODY HE REVIVED AND BROKE ONE HAND FREE FROM HIS BONDS..."



"...THE MAN WILL NOT DIE... WE'LL HAVE TO POST GUARDS HERE SEVERAL DAYS LEAST HE SURVIVES DROWNING AND COMES UP HERE..."

"...VAMPIRES CANNOT DIE BY BULLETS... OR BY DROWNING... I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO KILL HIM..."

"...PERHAPS SATAN WILL RECLAIM HIM FROM THE WATERS AND TAKE HIM INTO HELL WHERE HE BELONGS..."

"...I DID NOT FEEL **RELIED** AT ALL, BECAUSE I DID NOT BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD... AS I RETURNED ALONE TO THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER, I WAS ATTACKED BY ONE OF HIS MONSTROUS FRIENDS..."



"...MY NECK WAS RIPPED TO RIBBONS AND MY BLOOD SLICKED FROM MY VEINS... WHEN THE MONSTER LEFT ME I WAS AWARE OF BEING UNDEAD... AND AWARE OF WHAT MY FATHER HAD MEANT WHEN HE TOLD ME HE WAS PROTECTING ME FROM CERTAIN EVILS..."



"I NOW HAD THE **BLOODLUST** OF MY FATHER... AND NOW I WAS AS IRRATIONALY EVIL AS HE... I ATTACKED MY FIRST VICTIM AND KILLED HER--A YOUNG GIRL FOR WHOM I PREVIOUSLY HAD HIGH MORAL REGARD..."



"...AND IN THE WAKE OF MY MURDEROUS ACTION I WAS FILLED WITH GRIEF AND REMORSE AND SUILT... AND WITH NAUSEA AT WHAT I'D **BECOME**..."

"...I WAS FILLED WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT..."



"...I WENT BACK TO THE RIVER AND ENTERED THE GHASTLY FRIDG WATERS... TWO THEY COULD NOT NOW KILL ME, THE TEMPERATURE CHOKED MY LUNGS AND RIPPED THE FLESH FROM MY FACE..."



"... I FOUND HIS BODY, DECAYED AND DETERIORATED, FLOATING AT THE TOP OF THE WATERS UNDER THE ICE COVERING... HE HAD DROWNED... HE HAD SEARCHED FOR AN OPENING IN THE ICE... AN EXIT... AND COULD NOT FIND ONE... HIS APPARITION WAS AN ABSOLUTE HORROR TO BEHOLD..."



"...WHEN I MADE TO LEAVE THE WATERS I COULD NOT FIND THE PLACE OF MY ENTRY... AND THOUGHT I WAS AS DOOMED AS RASPUTIN TO ETERNITY IN THIS FROZEN HELL..."

"...AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING I SAW A SMALL SHAFT OF LIGHT... I HAD FOUND AN OPENING..."



"THE WARDOS CAME... FOR WAITING FOR ME WERE THE SWARDS WE HAD SET TO AWAIT RASPUTIN... AND SO ALTERED WAS MY APPEARANCE FROM MY LONG STAY UNDERWATER THAT THEY PRESUMED I WAS RASPUTIN..."

"I COULDNT SPEAK... COULDNT UTER A SOUND--MY LUNGS WERE RIPPED TO SHREDS BY THE HARD FROZEN WATERS... AND THEY WERE ARMED WITH SWARDS WHICH THEY THRUST INTO ME!"



"OH MY SON... WHAT AGONIES YOU ARE IN..."



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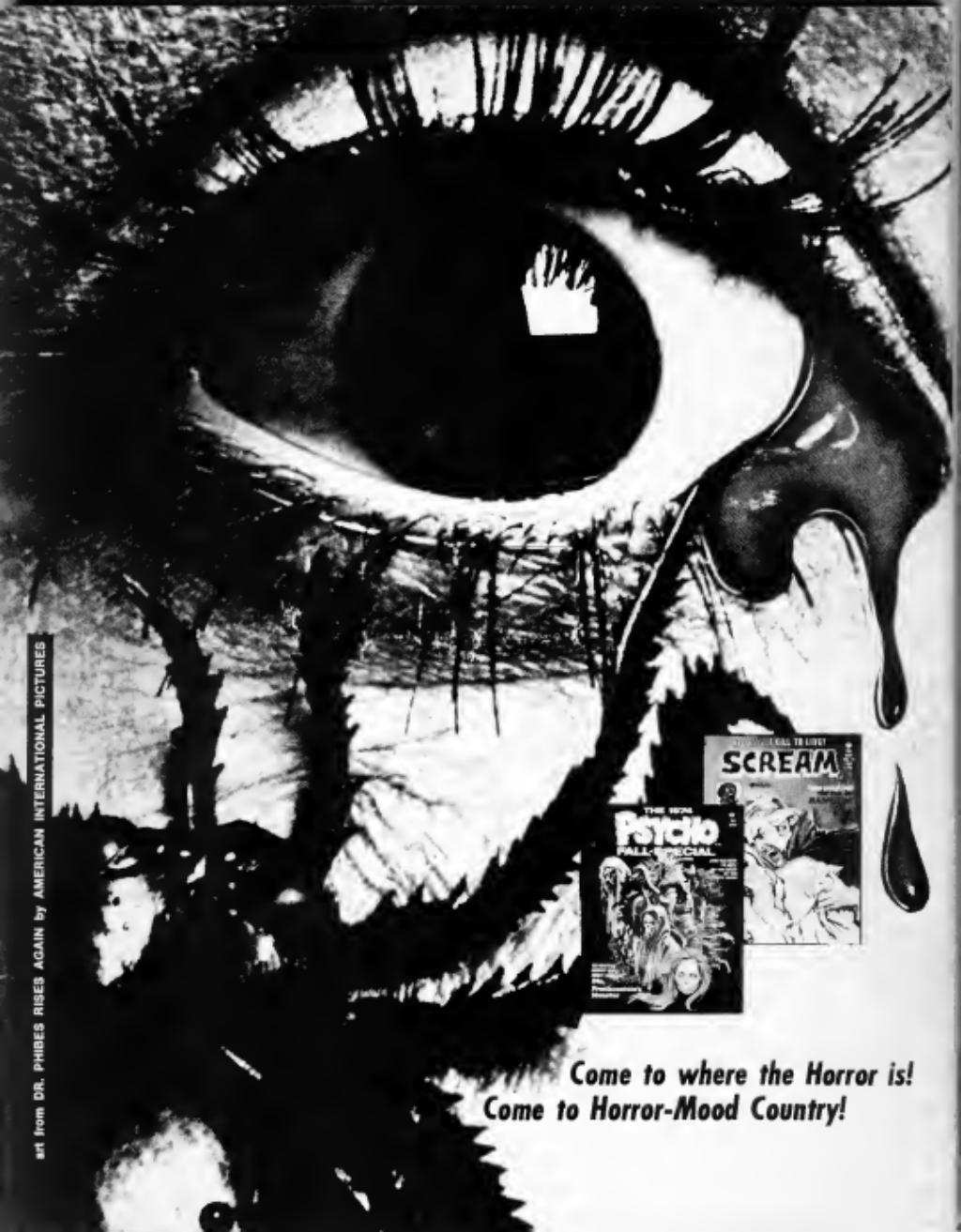
*Mercy, mercy,
cries
the Monster!*

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WE ARE WOMEN
GIRLS

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